Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Cerebus #12

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Stories:
3 - Beduin By Night

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Loran Gayton - 25(letter)
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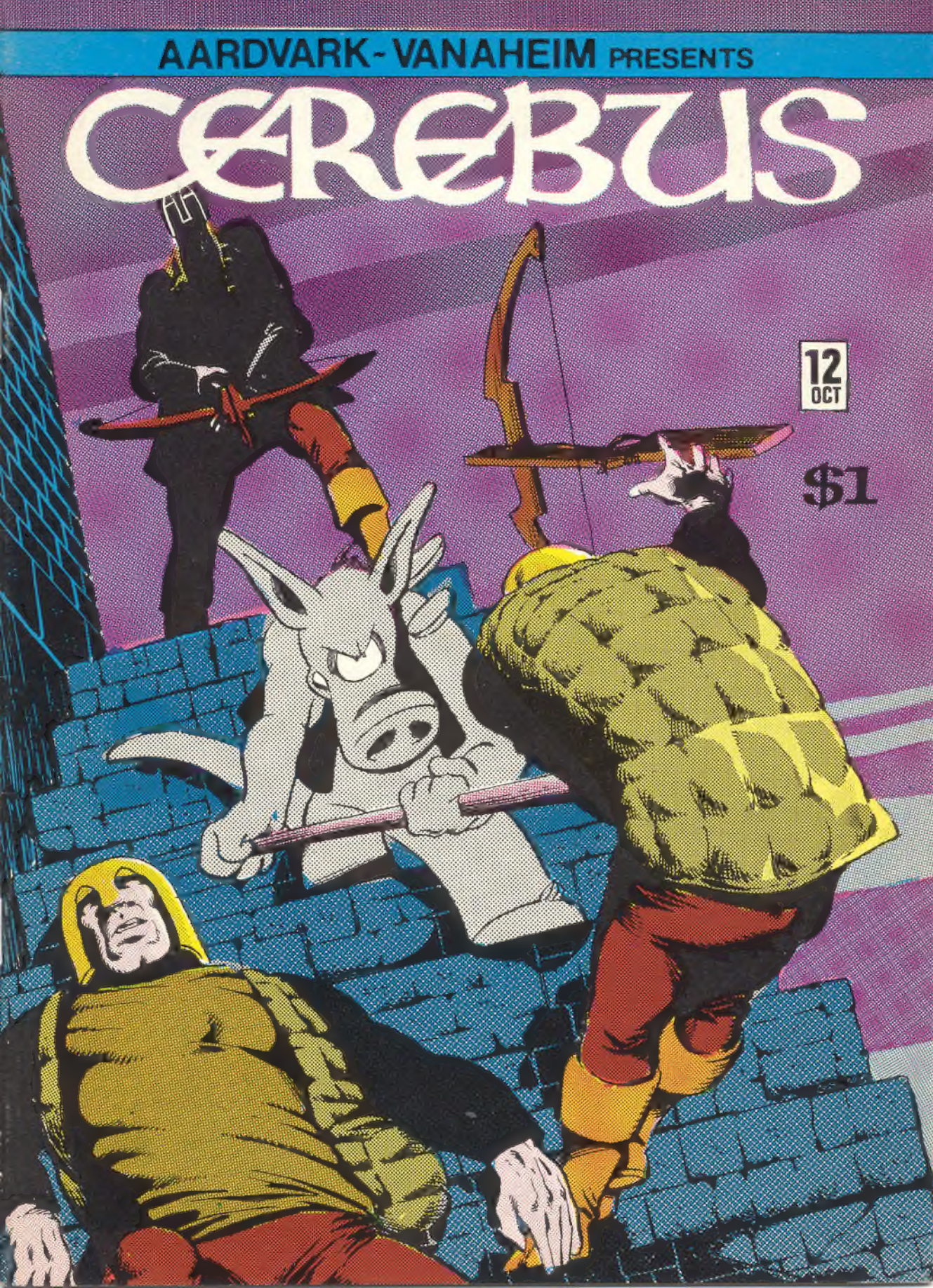
Lee Marrs - 26(letter)

Comments:

AARDVARK-VANAHEIM PRESENTS

CEREBUS



CEREBUS

A Word From the Publisher

So much has happened between issue eleven and issue twelve that it may be hard to put it all in.

As you will read in the letters page, Dave had a nervous breakdown after issue eleven. It probably had something to do with the fact that he did issue ten and eleven back-to-back. That's too much work for anyone!

Wanting Dave to have some time to recuperate, I went to the New York Con alone. Everybody there was very helpful and the fans were tremendous. Dave joined me in Philidelphia and from there we went home for about a week and then went down to Atlanta, Georgia for their con.

Atlanta was the biggest surprise! We didn't figure there was much of a following "down south" but were we ever wrong! The organizers of the con were great - the fans were fantastic. We even met a guy whose name is Elrod (can you believe it?) and someone told me that he is forming a fan club. A CEREBUS fan club. Unbelievable! I'll tell you, southern hospitality has me hooked!!

Coming back from the cons and going back to work can be a let-down, and after those three big cons we really had a hard time getting started. A few things did help, like the letters you'll see in the letters page.

We decided it was time to move up in life, so Dave now has a studio separate from the apartment. It's big, but I think that he'll grow into it.

I'm not going to say much about this issue. It has some nice surprises that I wouldn't want to spoil. But don't let that slow you from reading it! Probably the best thing you could do right now is start on the page opposite this and read on through.

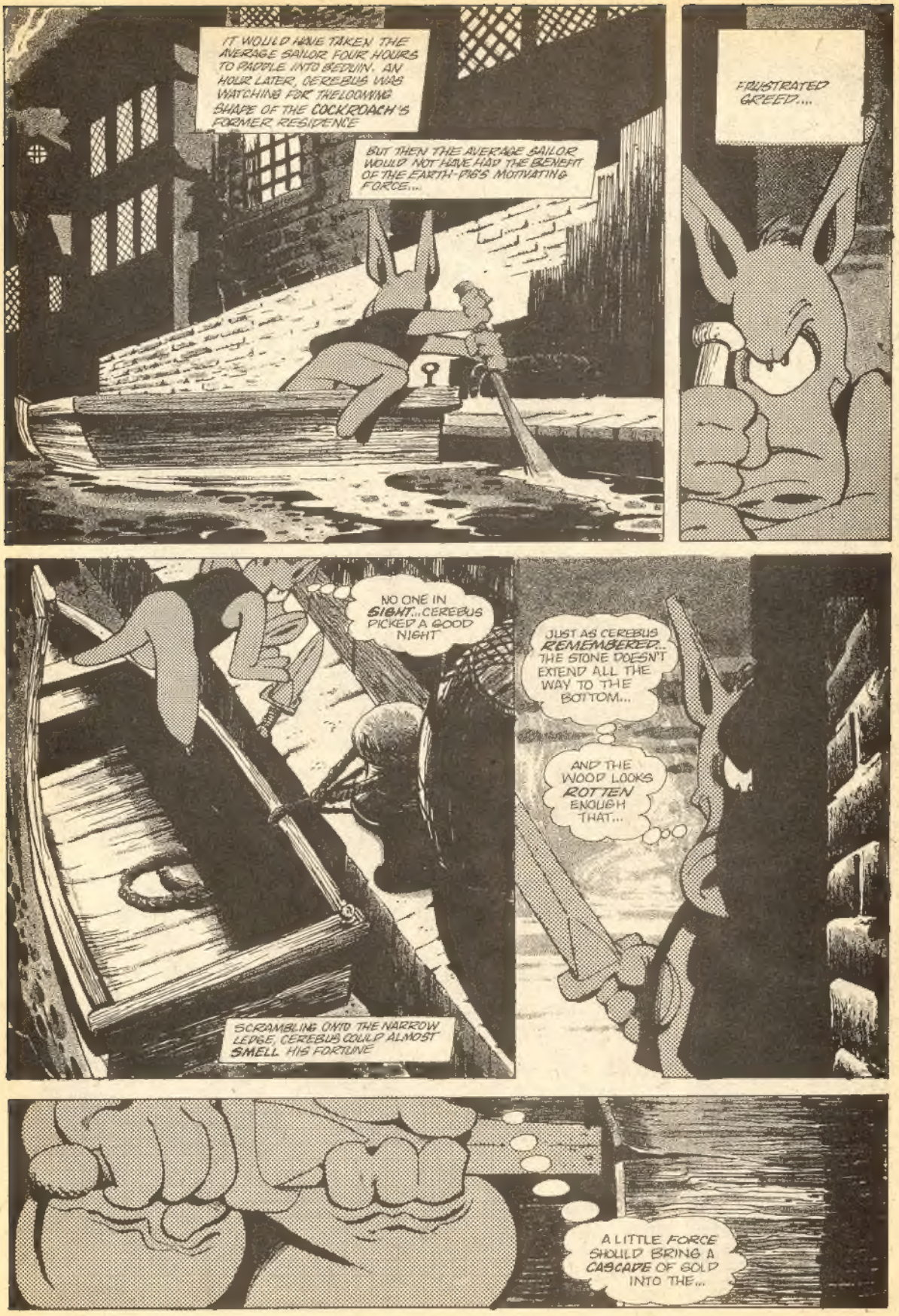
Enjoy!

Deni

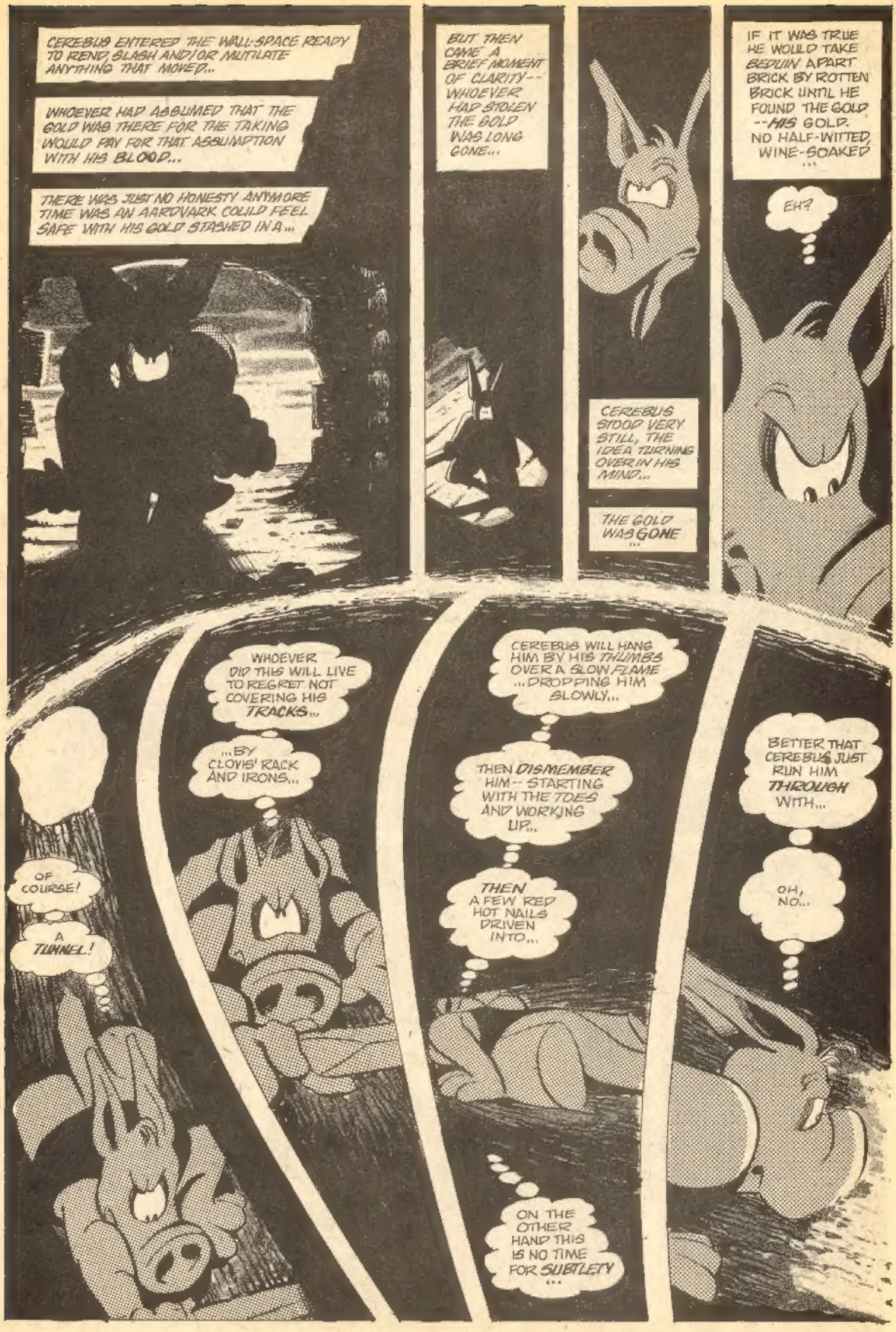
CEREBUS THE AARDVARK is published by Aardvark-Vanaheim Press, 221 Queen St. S.#1401, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, N2G 1W5. Published bi-monthly. Denise Loubert, publisher. All contents © 1979 Dave Sim. Printed by Fairway Press. Vol. 1 No. 12, Oct. 1979-Nov. 1979.

'BEDUIN by NIGHT'
CEREBUS COULD NOT HAVE SAID WHAT COMPELLED HIM TO REMAIN IN LOWER FELDA, BARELY AN HOUR'S RIDE FROM BEDUIN! GRANTED, THE COCKROACH WAS BEHIND BARS AND HIS FORTUNE NOW RESIDED IN BEDUIN'S TREASURY-- BUT, SOMEHOW CEREBUS REFUSED TO BELIEVE THE GOLD WAS GONE...
WHEN HE GOT DRUNK IN THOSE TWO WEEKS AFTER HIS ESCAPE HE COULD OFTEN FEEL GOLD COINS CRUNCHING BETWEEN HIS TOES...

AT LEAST, MY FRIEND--THE COCKROACH WAS FINALLY STOPPED AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! LOCKED AWAY AS HE DESERVES IN THE LOWEST LEVEL OF DARNIER PRISON -- AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEN FOUND?
A WALL FULL OF GOLD.
ALMOST A HUNDRED SACKS OF GOLD IN A DRY WELL!
AHH-- YOU'RE DRUNK, FRIEND --NO ONE HAS THAT KIND OF MONEY!
IT'S THE TRUTH-- I SWEAR IT!
THE WALL FULL OF GOLD! TARIM! HE DIDN'T TELL THEM ABOUT IT...
CEREBUS LURCHED FROM HIS SEAT-- SO THE FATES HAD GRANTED HIM ANOTHER TRY AT THAT LINGODRY AMOUNT OF GOLD-- STASHED BY THE COCKROACH OVER THREE DECADES
THIS TIME CEREBUS WOULD TAKE NO CHANCES THIS TIME HE WOULD MOVE THE GOLD ALL AT ONE TIME...
THIS TIME...
CEREBUS WOULD WAIT UNTIL HE WAS SOBER ENOUGH TO WALK...


IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN THE AVERAGE SAILOR FOUR HOURS TO PADDLE INTO BEDUIN. AN HOUR LATER, CEREBUS WAS WATCHING FOR THE LOOMING SHAPE OF THE COCKROACH'S FORMER RESIDENCE
BUT THEN THE AVERAGE SAILOR WOULD NOT HAVE HAD THE BENEFIT OF THE EARTH-PIG'S MOTIVATING FORCE...
FRUSTRATED GREED....
NO ONE IN SIGHT... CEREBUS PICKED A GOOD NIGHT
SCRAMBLING ONTO THE NARROW LEDGE, CEREBUS COULD ALMOST SMELL HIS FORTUNE
JUST AS CEREBUS REMEMBERED.. THE STONE DOESN'T EXTEND ALL THE WAY TO THE BOTTOM...
AND THE WOOD LOOKS ROTTEN ENOUGH THAT...
A LITTLE FORCE SHOULD BRING A CASCADE OF GOLD INTO THE...

...BOAT!
SNK
THAK
THE GOLD!
SOMEONE...
...STOLE...
CEREBUS' GOLD!!
SOMEONE...
...STOLE...
...CEREBUS'...
<FA-A-AAA
<REA-T
...GOLD!
GRA


CEREBUS ENTERED THE WALL-SPACE READY TO REND, SLASH AND/OR MUTILATE ANYTHING THAT MOVED...
WHOEVER HAD ASSUMED THAT THE GOLD WAS THERE FOR THE TAKING WOULD PAY FOR THAT ASSUMPTION WITH HIS BLOOD...
THERE WAS JUST NO HONESTY ANYMORE TIME WAS AN AARDVARK COULD FEEL SAFE WITH HIS GOLD STASHED IN A...
BUT THEN CAME A BRIEF MOMENT OF CLARITY-- WHOEVER HAD STOLEN THE GOLD WAS LONG GONE...
CEREBUS STOOD VERY STILL, THE IDEA TURNING OVER IN HIS MIND...
THE GOLD WAS GONE ...
IF IT WAS TRUE HE WOULD TAKE BEDUIN APART BRICK BY ROTTEN BRICK UNTIL HE FOUND THE GOLD --HIS GOLD. NO HALF-WITTED, WINE-SOAKED ...
EH?
OF COURSE!
A TUNNEL!
WHOEVER DID THIS WILL LIVE TO REGRET NOT COVERING HIS TRACKS...
...BY CLOVIS' RACK AND IRONS...
CEREBUS WILL HANG HIM BY HIS THUMBS OVER A SLOW FLAME ...DROPPING HIM SLOWLY...
THEN DISMEMBER HIM-- STARTING WITH THE TOES AND WORKING UP...
THEN A FEW RED HOT NAILS DRIVEN INTO...
ON THE OTHER HAND THIS IS NO TIME FOR SUBTLETY ...
BETTER THAT CEREBUS JUST RUN HIM THROUGH WITH...
OH, NO...

SO!-- YOU'VE FOUND MY COCKROACH CAVE -- MY SECRET SANCTUM ...
THE MOMENT I'VE DREADED FOR SO LONG...
WHICH ONE OF MY ENEMIES SENT YOU HERE HUH? HUH? WHICH ONE...
WAIT! I RECOGNIZE YOU -- YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S BEEN WATCHING ME -- WAITING TO CATCH ME UNAWARES
EXPLAIN YOURSELF, BOY OR HISS: FACE THE COCKROACH'S WRATH!
CEREBUS COULDN'T AFFORD TO JUST DISPOSE OF THE MORON UNTIL HE COULD FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE PRISON -- WHETHER THE COOTIE WOULD BE MISSED...
MAYHAP HE WOULD SEE HOW THE COCKROACH WOULD REACT TO A MIRROR IMAGE OF HIMSELF...
IT'S... IT'S MY PARENTS THEY WERE MURDERED
I'M AN ORPHAN
BAAA-AAAW
TARIM!!

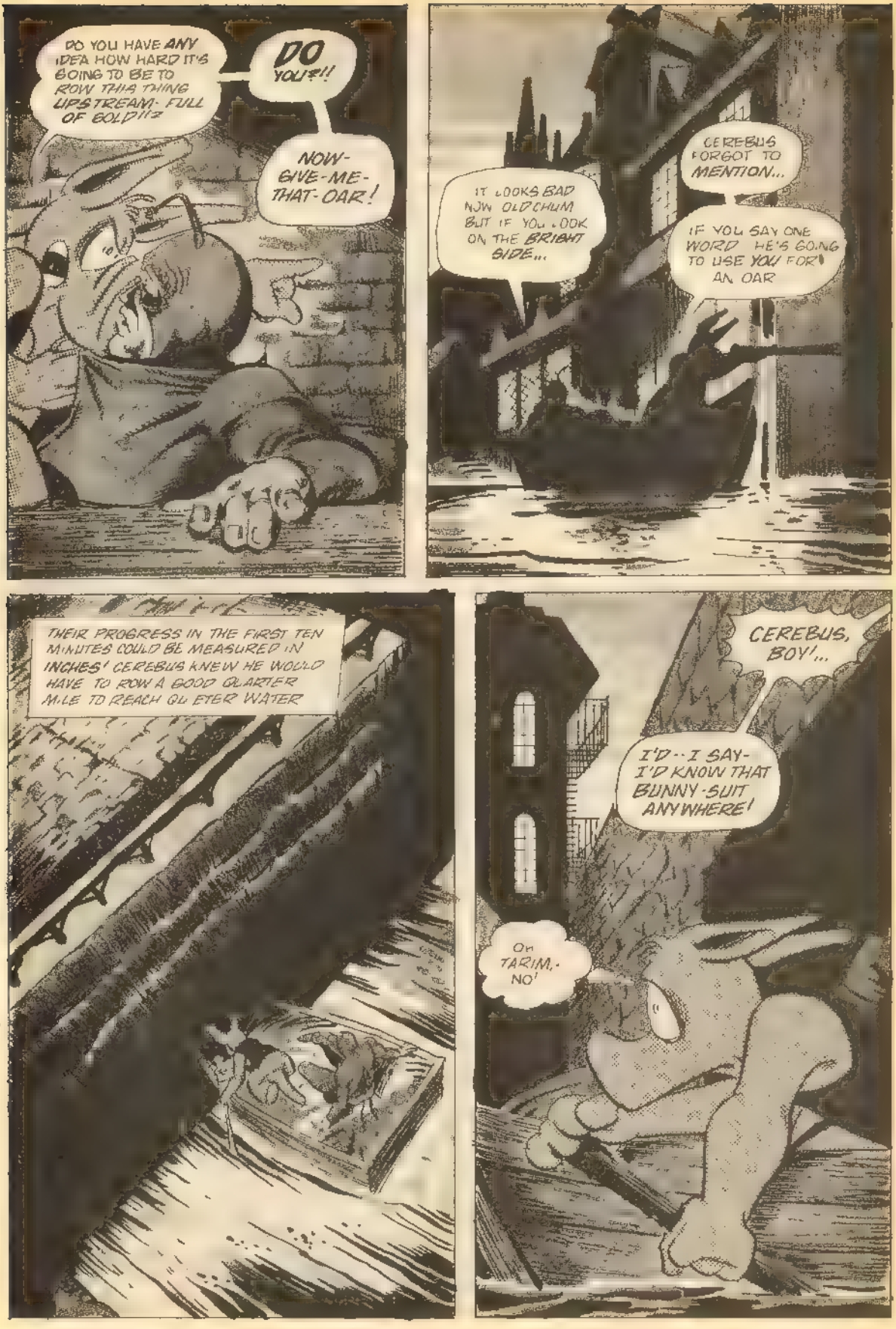
KILL YOUR PARENTS WILL THEY? DON'T YOU WORRY -- WE'LL GET REVENGE! REVENGE =HSSS= PUNCH 'EM INNA FACE KICK 'EM INNA HEAD...
WE'LL BE LIFE-LONG PARTNERS AND BOSOM BUDDIES! I'LL TEACH YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW...
THAT SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG...
ACTUALLY CEREBUS CAME TO WARN YOU OF A PLOT AGAINST YOU
PLOT?! HA! YOU HAVE SO MUCH TO LEARN... EVERYONE PLOTS AGAINST THE COCKROACH... THE COCKROACH KNOWS ...
NYAHHAHA HAHEEHEE HOOHAHAHA HAHAHENH
HSSS
BUT GO AHEAD, KID-- TELL YOUR GUARDIAN FRIEND, MENTOR AND IDOL ABOUT THIS! HEH! PLOT. I'LL BET YOU'D KNOW ALL ABOUT IT
ELROD OF MELVINBONE PLANS TO COME AND STEAL YOUR GOLD TOMORROW
AHA
AHA? YOU MEAN YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM
HEARD OF HIM? -- HE'S COMING TOMORROW TO STEAL ALL MY GOLD!
OH -- OF COURSE
CEREBUS MUST BE GETTING ABSENT-MINDED IN HIS OLD AGE...
NOW -- WHAT DO I DO ABOUT IT? I COULD -- uh NO, THAT WOULDN'T WORK. I COULD... I COULD...
uh...
WE COULD MOVE THE GOLD BEFORE HE GETS HERE ...
I'VE GOT IT!
WE'LL MOVE THE GOLD BEFORE HE GETS HERE ...
YOUR ABILITY TO THINK THROUGH A PROBLEM IS AMAZING ...
HA-HA -- THAT'S WHY EVERYONE ELSE IS OUT THERE AND THE COCKROACH IS IN HERE!

YUP--THAT'S WHAT WE'LL DO - WE'LL MOVE THE GOLD
WE'LL SHOW THAT CRUMMY
TRY AND STEAL MY GOLD, WILL HE? WE'LL
CERK BLUS
THANK
I'LL PAY YOU BACK --SOME DAY WE'LL HAVE A LOVELY BIG HOUSE - LUXURIOUS
AND FLOWERS OH YES! LOTS AND LOTS OF FLOWERS
WONDER
PAINFUL SUBJECT,
DIED
THE ROPES SNAPPED IN MID-AIR AND
THEN ONE OF THE RED CLAW CLIMBED UP TO THE SAFETY NET AND BEAT THEM TO DEATH WITH A CLUB
TRAGIC
JUST AWFUL
ACROBATS
THE RED CLAW CULT CUT THROUGH THEIR TRAPEZE ROPES
KNOW
COULD DO ON THE SPUR-OF-THE

SHOULD TAKE ABOUT FIVE OR SIX TRIPS TO MOVE ALL THIS GOLD..
NOW, CEREBUS HAS TO TALK THE COCKROACH INTO STAYING BEHIND SO HE ISN'T MISSED..
AND CEREBUS CAN MOVE HIS GOLD TO A SAFE HIDING SPOT
STILL AND ALL CEREBUS IS GETTING TIRED OF PLAYING JUNIOR PARTNER TO A BASKET CASE
HEADS UP!
SPLASH
SPLASH?! THE BOAT WHAT DID THAT IDIOT DO WITH
YOO HOO
HEY
HEY!
SORRY SHORT GREY WONDER
THIS IS TOO DANGEROUS A JOB FOR A NOVICE...

THERE WAS ONE CHANCE SIMULTANEOUS WITH THE THOUGHT, CEREBUS PLUNGES INTO AN ALLEYWAY...
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THE COCKROACH WOULD HAVE TO BE PUT BACK IN HIS CELL..
..AND SOON!
THE COCK AND BULL TAVERN! IF HIS MEMORY WASN'T FAULTY AND HE COULD REACH THE MEZZANINE IN TIME...
SORRY WE'RE
AAAK
OUT OF MY WAY DOLT!!
YOU CAN'T I... CALL THE WATCH!
THINKS HE CAN CATCH CEREBUS
HE'S WELCOME TO TRY...
IF THERE'S A SOLDIER IN BEDUIN
TARIM! NO SIGN OF HIM ON THE RIVER
CEREBUS CAN ONLY HOPE HE'S DIRECTLY UNDER THE

...WINDOW!
YOU
IDIOT!
EHR MY- MY COCKROACH SENSE IS TINGLING! HOW ODD.
ESPECIALLY SINCE I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD A COCKROACH SENSE!
THE =PUFF= GUARDS WILL =PANT= CHECK YOUR =PUFF=
CELL AND =PUFF= FIND =PANT= YOU GONE... AND..
=PANT= NOTHING BUT.... GOLD!


DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW HARD IT'S GOING TO BE TO ROW THIS THING UPSTREAM- FULL OF GOLD!!?
DO YOU?!!
NOW- GIVE-ME- THAT-OAR!
IT LOOKS BAD NOW OLD CHUM BUT IF YOU LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE...
CEREBUS FORGOT TO MENTION...
IF YOU SAY ONE WORD HE'S GOING TO USE YOU FOR AN OAR
THEIR PROGRESS IN THE FIRST TEN MINUTES COULD BE MEASURED IN INCHES! CEREBUS KNEW HE WOULD HAVE TO ROW A GOOD QUARTER MILE TO REACH QUETER WATER
CEREBUS, BOY!...
I'D--I SAY- I'D KNOW THAT BUNNY-SUIT ANYWHERE!
OH TARIM,- NO!

WELL I'LL BE WRAPPED N HAM FAT AND PICKLED FOR THE HOLIDAYS ...
T IS YOU
SAY SOMETHING, BOY.. DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ELROD THE ALBINO - SAY--WHO'S YOUR FRIEND WITH THE CURB FEELERS IMBEDDED IN HIS SKULL?
ELROD?
DID HE SAY-- ELROD?!
YES YES! THAT'S WHAT HE SAID-- NO DOUBT AT ALL IT'S HIM!
HSSSS!
HEH HEH! MY REPUTATION I SAY MY REPUTATION PRECEDES ME, EH? DON'T FREEZE UP, SON...
THIS MIGHT BE YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO MEET A GENUINE LAST RULER OF A DYING RACE

CEREBUS IS JUST GOING TO LET THE COOTIE MAKE MINCE MEAT OUT OF HIM..
CEREBUS ALREADY KNOWS ELROD WOULD BE HARD PRESSED TO BEAT AN EGG *
* SEE CEREBUS #4
REVENGE HISS
STAND WHERE YOU ARE MORTAL!
FOR I AM THE COCKROACH AND..
COCKROACH? PLEASED TO MEET YOU, SON! NAME'S ELROD ACCENT ON THE 'EL'
SAY- PURPLE IS YOUR COLOUR, BOY! WHAT I SAY WHAT'S YOUR LINE OF WORK?
I DEDICATE MYSELF DAILY TO FACING THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT ON THEIR OWN TERRITORY IN MORTAL COMBAT
SORT OF A COMBINATION SOCIAL WORKER AND HOODLUM, EH?
YOUR UNIFORMS ALL WRONG, SON...
MY.. UNIFORM?
YOUR HEADGEAR, SON... IT'S ABOUT AS USEFUL AS A BOREALAN AT A BANQUET!
IMPRACTICAL, THAT IS

PROTRUSIONS, SON! YOU'RE LEAVING YOUR SELF WIDE OPEN!
ONE SHARP TUG...
AND YOU'RE BLIND AS A BAT
HELPLESS THAT IS
GAK
YOU CATCHING MY DRIFT, OR SHOULD I RUN THROUGH IT AGAIN?
AN ACCIDENT LOOKING
FIDGETING WHEN I'M TALKING TO
ATTENTION
CRIMINALS ARE SMART, SON
WHY, YOU PRACTICALLY NEED A DOCTORATE OF SOCIOLOGY TO STEAL A LOAF OF BREAD THESE DAYS
UMPHH!
SMAT
SWIMMING ISN'T THE ANSWER, BOY--YOU'VE PROBLEMS HEAD
SPLASH

TAKE CEREBUS' ALICE DON'T TALK · HIT!!
GUBBA GURGA GURGLE
THE ALBINO IS JUST TRYING TO STALL YOU...
WHILE HIS CRONIES STRIP YOUR C... OF ALL TH...
YOU HAVE TO
REMEMBER! TALK · HIT!!
HIT! HIT!
PUNCH 'EM INNA FACE!
RIGHT, RIGHT NOW GO GET HIM
HEGS!
IF I WERE YOU, I'D SEE SOMEONE ABOUT THAT SLOW LEAK, SON· SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE DEFLATING FAST!
...WAS THE COCKROACH'S LAST CHANCE...IF HE DIDN'T FLATTEN THE ALBINO THIS TIME, CEREBUS WAS GOING TO FLATTEN HIM...
REVENGE! PUNCH 'EM INNAFACE!
"PUNCH 'EM INNAFACE" TO YOU, TOO
ELROD JUST LOVES COLOURFUL LOCAL GREETINGS

ON THE OTHER HAND -- CEREBUS HAS WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS...
AS LONG AS ELROD IS GOING TO GET BEATEN TO A PULP CEREBUS MIGHT AS WELL...
NO NO! DOWN, BOY!
HEEL... I SAY -- HEEL, SON!
HALT! YOU'RE GOING BACK TO YOUR CELL, COCKROACH! THE GOLD'S BEEN REMOVED TO MAKE MORE ROOM FOR YOU...
SO! ELROD'S CRONIES
ELROD? WHO'S ELROD?
YO!
NO TIME TO DIG OUT THE SWORD!
WELL, CEREBUS HAS FOUGHT WITH A LOT LESS USEFUL WEAPONS THAN AN OAR...
THE ALBINO IS THE LEAST OF YOUR TROUBLES RIGHT NOW, FOOLS!...

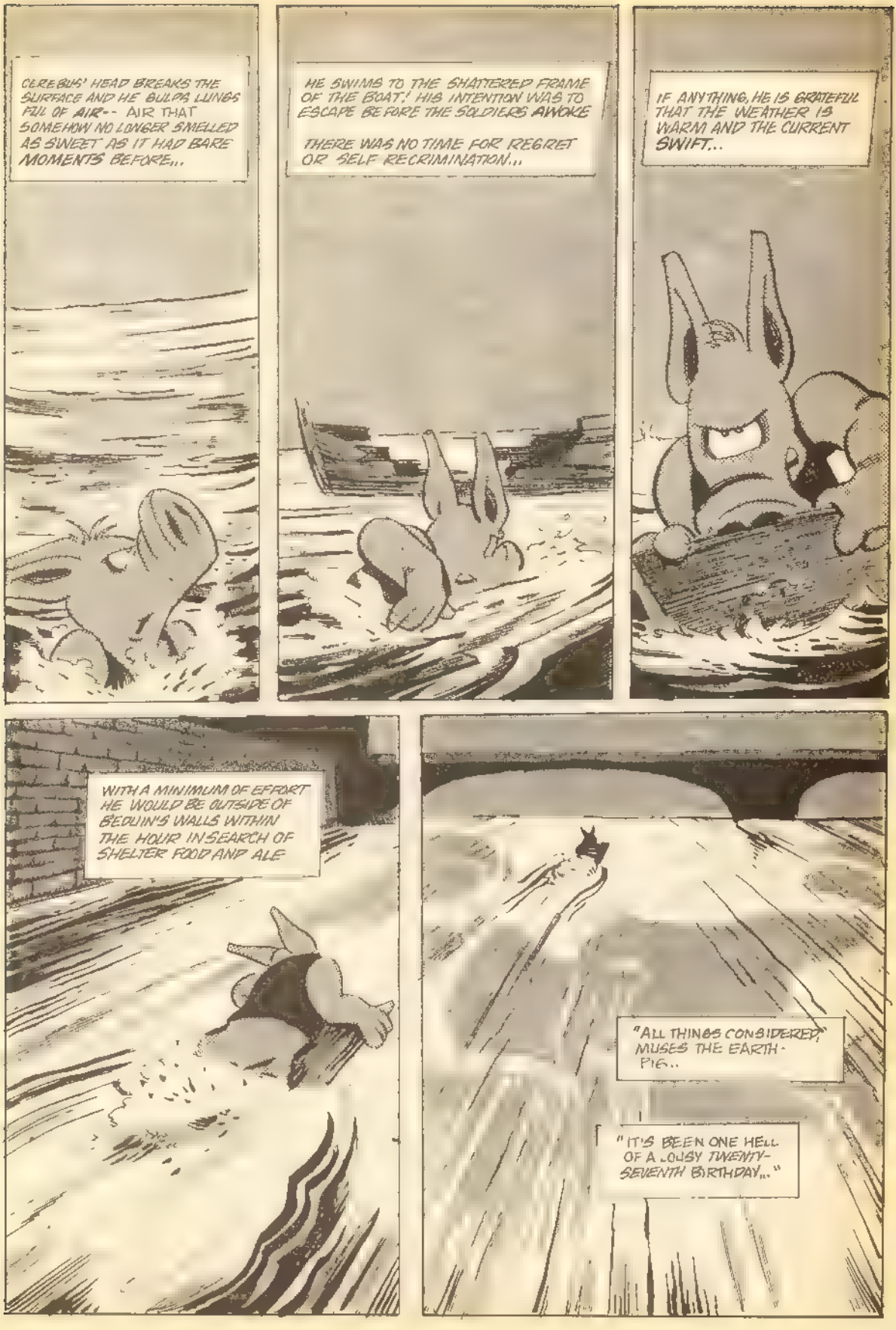
CEREBUS HAD ALREADY INVESTED THE BETTER HALF OF TWO MONTHS IN THE GOLD! IF THE FATES DEMANDED THAT HE GET NO MORE THAN A BOAT-LOAD, SO BE IT, BUT NO SECOND-RATE SOLDIERS WERE GOING TO GET IN HIS.
WAY
TWANG
THAK!

KRAK
OOOOF
KLANK
WELL DONE, SHORT GREY WONDER! WE MAKE A PRETTY GOOD TEAM!
OF COURSE IT PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN ME AS LONG TO BEAT THEM BUT I WANTED TO SEE.
THAT'S FOR LOSING MOST OF CEREBUS' GOLD!
SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SAY, ALBINO?
JE SUIS NON HABLE, PARDONEZ-MES..

HE WOULD HEAD FOR ONE OF THE SMALLER TOWNS BORDERING BEDWIN AND BUY THE TAVERN HE HAD BEEN THINKING ABOUT..
SOME DAY I SAY, SOME DAY, SON, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO HAVE A LONG TALK..
AND YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHAT IN THE HECK JUST HAPPENED HERE...

AS HE DRIFTS OUT OF THE TUNNEL CEREBUS LOOKS UP TO SEE THE SUN RISING...
THE LONG BEDWIN NIGHT WAS OVER
..AND THE GOLD WAS HIS...
WITH THE SUN COMES A WAVE OF EXULTATION AND A STRANGE NEW SENSE OF OPTIMISM...

ABRUPTLY, CEREBUS' WORLD SHATTERS AND QUICKLY REFORMS AS A MONTAGE OF IMAGES -- MURKY WATER, SPLINTERED TIMBERS AND AN ELUSIVE TWINKLING VANISHING BELOW HIM...


CEREBUS' HEAD BREAKS THE SURFACE AND HE GULPS LUNGS FULL OF AIR-- AIR THAT SOMEHOW NO LONGER SMELLED AS SWEET AS IT HAD BARE MOMENTS BEFORE...
HE SWIMS TO THE SHATTERED FRAME OF THE BOAT. HIS INTENTION WAS TO ESCAPE BEFORE THE SOLDIERS AWOKE
THERE WAS NO TIME FOR REGRET OR SELF RECRIMINATION...
IF ANYTHING, HE IS GRATEFUL THAT THE WEATHER IS WARM AND THE CURRENT SWIFT...
WITH A MINIMUM OF EFFORT HE WOULD BE OUTSIDE OF BEDLIN'S WALLS WITHIN THE HOUR IN SEARCH OF SHELTER FOOD AND ALE
"ALL THINGS CONSIDERED," MUSES THE EARTH-PIG...
"IT'S BEEN ONE HELL OF A LOUSY TWENTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY..."

AARDVARK COMMENT

221 QUEEN ST S. #1401 - KITCHENER-ONTARIO N2G 1W5

Dear Denise and Dave

After by no means sober reflection, I have a few things to say about the killer who looks like a bunny. Cerebus needs to lighten up before he goes over the edge. He is far too gloomy. Of course, if I were short, grey, furry and smelled bad my outlook would be pretty grim, too.

He doesn't know how to laugh.
Is that why he makes me laugh?
He should learn to laugh.

Learning seems to be what Cerebus is about. The poor boy gets smarter, if not much luckier, with each issue. Of course, every time he thinks he understands the game, the rules are changed. Issues 8 and 9 were excellent in this respect. In issue 8, Cerebus is trapped, he knows he is trapped, and he is ready to deal with his entrapment rather than running away from it. Then, in issue 9, you pull the rug out from under Cerebus and wipe out his new security. All of Cerebus' soul-searching and compromising in issue 8 was for nothing. Beautiful.

Now that you have Cerebus lost somewhere deep in the dark night of the soul, he is ready to take a new imprint. Sex and drugs in large amounts would be my prescription. Restore the boy's faith.

As we saw in issue 6, Cerebus under the influence of drugs is a fundamentally better Cerebus. Cerebus under the influence of a pair of well-turned legs is better yet. ("I'll buy you a house!" Perfect.)

Consider the plot possibilities! A killer aardvark drunk is still a reasonably predictable creature. A killer aardvark on drugs is a threat to public safety and the smooth functioning of established power structures.

Your recent issues have made Cerebus a familiar and sympathetic character. Few of us have ever had to slay a hell-spawned demon or destroy centuries old death cults. Many of us, however, have had to survive entrapment and broken dreams. Also I can remember a time when I too lost my heart while stoned out of my gourd. Love freely given is the greatest adventure.

This familiarity is what is lacking in most comic book characters. Cerebus is an excellent piece of work because the killer who looks like a bunny is, this sounds strange, a believable character. He is someone I know.

Cerebus is much more than just a good parody. He is all of us on the road. Thank you.

Loran Gayton
556 S. Grant,
Denver, Colorado 80209

I begin to think that a lot of the attraction Cerebus holds for people is that his life is very much like that of a freelance independent comic book artist. Just when you think the money is in the bank, you're out looking for another job to make ends meet. Stay tuned folks, and maybe things will start looking up for both of us.

☆

Dear Dave and Deni,

First, about CEREBUS 11, the best of the parody stories you've done. I see it as an imaginary story that someone affiliated with Warner Communications' comic book division has always wanted to do, without earth-pigs in the way. Dave gave a fascinating speculation on what it would probably have been like if the murder of Bruce Wayne's parents had turned him into a schizophrenic thief instead of a defender of law and order. Once again, another Cerebus story with solid craftsmanship and a slightly warped sense of humor. Dave, I'm learning not to expect less.

Secondly, it was a pleasure to meet the two of you at Phil Seuling's July 14 comic book convention. I'm the loudmouth who sat in the third row of your seminar and asked any question that came to mind. I couldn't understand why so few other people spoke up, and I suppose I'm partly to blame for monopolizing the thing. It's just that I'm so fascinated with the way you turn out comic books that I was compelled to pick your brains. I hope your estimation of Philadelphia is now higher than it was before the convention, since Dave only knew of it as The City That The Maple Leafs Always Get Clobbered In. This Philadelphian thinks you Canadians are two very special and unique people in the comic book field. (And thanks for autographing my copies of issues 10 and 11 and giving me a magic marker sketch of Cerebus. They were very much appreciated.)

At your seminar, Dave claimed you'll both put out Cerebus books for twenty-six years. Now really, nobody can be certain about **anything** like that, let alone doing comic books about aardvarks. I'll be satisfied if you both take it issue by issue with the same quality and care. Best of luck and Tarim be with the two of you.

Gerard Einhaus
4324 North 6th St.,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19140

I think it's time for the comic book medium to involve itself with long-term one-man projects. Just as you wouldn't get Neal Adams to take over Krazy Kat after George Herriman died, I hope to make Cerebus and Dave Sim synonymous and produce 156 issues. The last of which should be dated December 2003. Stick around and see if I can do it, okay?

The idea for the Cockroach was inspired by a former Warner someone; Marshall Rogers.

☆

Deni, Dave, you have a great thing going here. Any more titles you decide to publish, I'll buy 'em. And Cerebus, you don't have to be cranky anymore, okay?

Danny M. Davids
6430 Chippewa Road 3
Colorado Springs, Colorado
80915

Cerebus' plea was effective beyond his wildest dreams. The letters this issue have been culled from a stack about two inches high. As for new titles, sometime in 1980, A-V will be releasing SWORDS OF CEREBUS, reprinting the first three issues in their entirety with a new cover and a new story (not Cerebus) written by Deni and drawn by Marshall (fire escapes) Rogers.

☆

Nay, what expanse of muskeg great
freezing lakes and prairies straight
must stretch betwixt my land and
yours,
to banish aardvarks from the stores
E'en as the bands of steel,
nor dieselled pistoned powered
wheel
Not even high on metal wing
Shall not these transports
bring
The legend of the thicktailed pig?
Perhaps the land of prairie dogs
be far too cold for furry hogs
The creature bred of nature tough
finds for his soles our grass too rough.
Perhaps the sight of rocks which
scrapes
the soaring clouds with ice that
drapes
the cliffs where never trees shall
grow,
fills Cerebus with vertigo.
Some of us would money spend
to read of aardvarks once again
But spend I can't to hear his feats,
If they never reach our streets.

Now that I've disgraced English literary tradition with the above, I

AARDVARK COMMENT

221 QUEEN ST S. #1401 - KITCHENER-ONTARIO N2G 1W6

desired some knowledge concerning the ordering of certain issues, being as rare as native palm trees here, namely 6 and 3. Hence the stamp. Aye, please answer not on the back of your next issue solely, as that profits me nought, if I never view it.

And thusly, keep up the good labour, that I assume you still engage in, and keep the dirt hog out of mischief. Also, be it my imagination, or grows his ears since the earlier issues at the expense of his muzzle?

DFW
306 604 1 Ave.,
NW Calgary, Alberta

If Earth-pig issues you are lacking,
get yourself financial backing.
Find a pen and pray, don't tarry
send your cheques made out to Harry.
(Kremer, that is, c/o Now and Then Books, 103 Queen St. S., Kitchener, Ont.)

☆

Boo dere Denise & Dave -

I've been meaning to write y'all for so long that I'm not sure I haven't already ... uh ... if you have gotten this here praise from earlier this year, just put it down to a hectic life.

I love **Cerebus** madly. He greatly resembles a cantankerous brown dog (named "Brown Dog") I had from age 11-26. He firmly believed he was a brother in the family. His favourite TV program was "Twilight Zone" and two of my human brothers owe their continued existence to his fast thinking. He was much smarter than all my brothers put together ... Fantastic beastie.

Cerebus is better with his sword and can hold his liquor much better than Brown. I think Cerebus is taller and of course, has a highly superior tail.

Your writing and most of the artwork is the most amusing sharp and downright terrific outside of 1950's MAD magazines. Just super yummy and especially gratifying to those of us who've come up against the traditional comics characters mindset. And often lost. Your series is a triumph for sheer brouhaha. Utter poobah.

Too bad Pudge doesn't have Cerebus as a guru, she would surely be saved a lotta trouble. Or ... would at least get into **different** trouble.

I much admire your efforts on the edge of comics - keep up the good play.
Lee Marrs,
1942 Channing Way 303
Berkeley, California 94704

1950's MAD magazines? Spa Fon and Tarim! Cerebus seems to be travelling in faster company all the time. Lee Marrs is the creator of PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP cancelled by STAR *REACH after a handful of issues. If you listen closely, you can still hear Mike Friedrich gnashing his teeth.

☆

Dear Dave, Deni and Cerebus

After listening to descriptions of and praises for Cerebus by my local comic dealer, I decided to take a chance, and picked up Cerebus 5. Now, four issues later, I think I've contracted terminal aardvarkitis - but what a way to go! Thank you, Ellen!!

How does Cerebus manage to keep such a straight face with all this humor flying around him? Aw, it doesn't make any difference, I guess ... as long as it continues. His encounter with the Panrovian was great, although the rotten jokes were a low blow (excusable, since Cerebus looks to be about four feet tall). But turnabout is fair play - K-cor toyed with Cerebus just the way our beloved aardvark did with the Panrovian, sans jokes.

☆

NOTES

After the last issue was sent to press, I had a nervous breakdown and played bull goose loony in the psychiatric ward of the local hospital for four days. As a consequence, I missed out on the New York Con and the presentation of the Ed Aprill Award for 1978-79 to (surprise of surprises) Cerebus the Aardvark. I did attend the Philadelphia and Atlanta conventions, though, as scheduled and had a marvelous time at both, meeting Wendy and Richard Pini, John Byrne, Kenneth Smith and renewing old friendships with Howard Chaykin, Gil Kane and Marshall (ladies man) Rogers. I was pleased with reactions to Cerebus all around - particularly from Barry Smith and Berni Wrightson (who I didn't get to see) and Sol Harrison (who I did). If all goes well with accounts payable on this issue, next issue should see the introduction of the Cerebus newsletter as an eight page supplement in the back of each issue, featuring Cerebus products like figurines, stuffed toys, buttons, hand puppets, holograms and more (please don't drool on the letters page) as well as drawings by Wendy Pini, Howard Chaykin and John Byrne of the Earth-pig born, an Aardvarkian Age column by Michael (war-gaming is my life) Loubert and some insights into the diseased mind and tight-wired nervous system of yours truly. And if you still need something to spend your money on, you can write to Gene Day, Box 207, Gananoque, Ontario for details on the first issue of BLACK ZEPPELIN which will feature a four page Cerebus story that takes place between issues 11 and 12 - it's a parody of Elfquest (snicker snicker tee hee). You can send him a dollar and some change for postage if you're worried about missing it.
Take care and we'll see you next issue.

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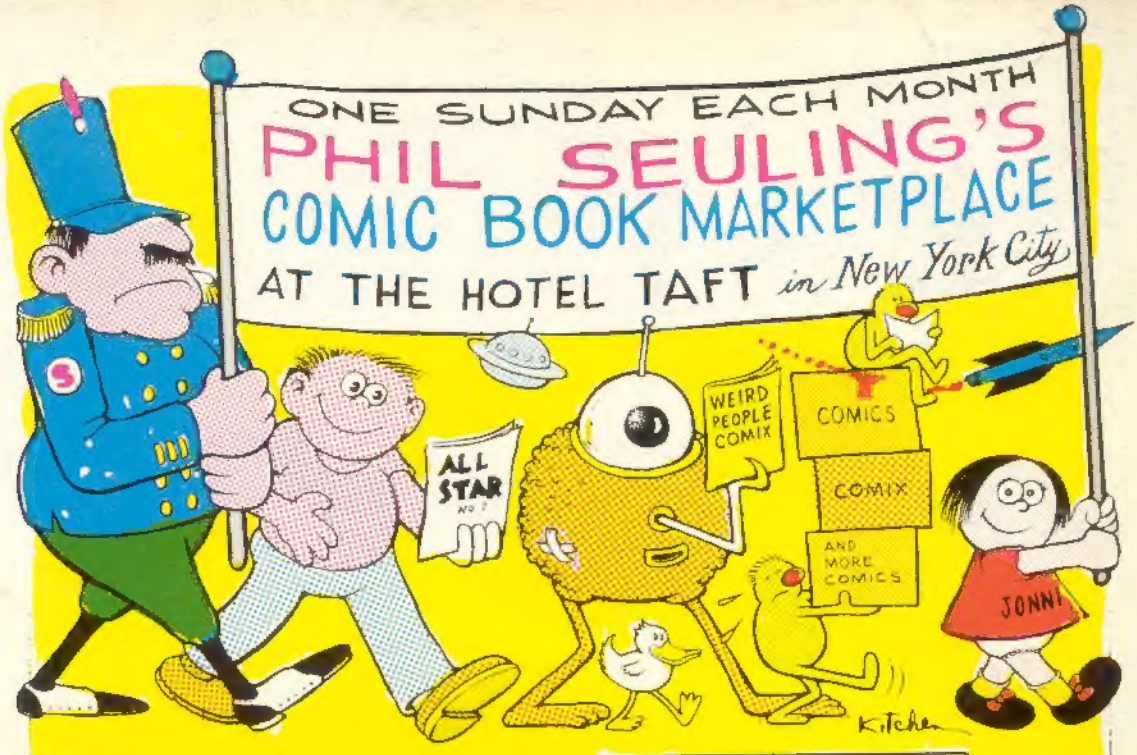

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